

# SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH.

"He that will not reason, is a bigot; he that cannot, is a fool; and he that dare not, is a slave."

RODNEY. (MISS.) TUESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 9, 1897.

No. 47.—Whole No. 181.

## THE SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH

IS EDITED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY  
THOMAS H. PALMER,  
AT FIVE DOLLARS per year, in advance, or  
\$1.50 at the expiration of the year.

No paper discontinued until all arrears  
are paid, unless at the option of the editor.  
No Subscriptions received for a shorter  
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For space of ten lines or less, for the first  
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### POETRY.



### TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK BOOK.

AIR—Dermott.

Take back the virgin page,  
White and unwritten still;  
Some hand more calm and sage  
The leaf must fill.  
Thoughts come as pure as light,  
Pure as even you require;  
But oh! each word I write  
Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book;  
Oft shall my heart refer,  
When on its leaves I look,  
Dear thoughts of you!  
Like you, 'tis fair and bright,  
Like you, too bright and fair  
To let wild passions write  
One wrong wish there!

Happily, when from those eyes  
Far, far away I roam,  
Should calmer thoughts arise  
Towards you and home,  
Fancy may trace some line  
Worthy those eyes to meet;  
Thoughts that not burn, but shine  
Pure, calm, and sweet!

And, as the records are,  
Which wandering women keep,  
Told by their hidden star  
Through the cold dawn—  
So may the words I write  
Tell through what storms I stray,  
You still the unseen light  
Guiding my way!

### TO-MORROW.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.  
Whisper the grief that dims my eye,  
Whatever the cause of sorrow,  
We turn us weeping to the sky,  
And say, "we'll smile to-morrow."  
And when from those we love to part,  
From hope we comfort borrow,  
And whisper to our aching heart,  
"We'll meet again to-morrow!"

But when to-morrow comes, 'tis still  
An image of to-day,  
Still tears our heavy eyelids fill,  
Still mourn we those away,  
And when that morrow too is past,  
(A yesterday of sorrow!)  
Hope, smiling, cheats us to the last  
With visions of to-morrow.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### THE VICTIM.

FROM THE NOTES OF A TRAVELLER.

I was sitting in a corner of the travel-  
ler's room at a small inn on a road to Nor-  
thampton, comfortably smoking my pipe,  
and carelessly listening to the conversation  
held by my fellow travellers, about five or  
six in number, when one of them, a very  
genteel looking man, of the middle age,  
suddenly rose out of his seat, and after a  
few hasty words to gain attention of the  
company, said, "Gentlemen—"

"Hear, hear," responded those around him.  
"You've each told some wonderful tales to-  
night, gentlemen," continued he, "and I have  
listened to them with pleasure; because I  
believe them to be true, though I must con-  
fess some of the situations were, in my op-  
inion, mighty marvelous."

"Oh, oh!"  
"Now, gentlemen, what I'm going to re-  
late to you is not an every day occurrence,  
simply because it happened to me in the  
night."

"Morrison's pill!" whispered one.  
"I was travelling from Devonshire to  
London in the year 1764, in the month of  
December. On the first day's journey,  
I arrived, about night-fall, at a small inn, or  
rather public house, the only habitation of  
the kind for ten miles round. It being a  
dark winter's night and a heavy shower of  
rain coming on at the same time, I was  
glad enough, as you may suppose, to meet  
this accommodation, had as it seemed. Af-  
ter seeing my horse and gig put into safe  
and happy keeping, I entered the traveller's  
room, as they were pleased to call it, but  
which to me, having been accustomed to  
the delightful and roomy parlors in London,  
appeared nothing better than a common, up-  
shot room. A bright fire was burning in  
the grate, which in some degree compensa-  
ted for the shabbiness of the room, but which  
shadily contrasted with the dark features of  
three men, who were sitting in the farther  
corner.

"I cannot say that I am an extraordinary  
brave man, or do I think I am actually a  
coward;—but I must confess the appear-  
ance of those three men drew upon my spir-  
its, and I almost began to wish I had gone  
on to the village, notwithstanding the rain.  
I rang the bell."

"Yes, sir," replied a grinning dirty faced  
lumpkin, who I suppose on such occasions  
served as waiter, ostler, and every thing.  
"Do not be alarmed," exclaimed one of the  
men in an under tone, though sufficiently  
audible for me to hear him; "no other way  
but through the window"—and they all fir-  
ed their eyes upon me. "I shivered—cold  
sweat ran down my forehead—my knees  
knocked against each other, and I positively  
believe I could have fainted, and indeed  
perhaps I should have done, had I not at  
that moment tossed off nearly the whole of  
the brandy and water.

"Well, it can't be helped—must be so—  
and do—no me, if I care who knows it," ex-  
claimed the same man, as he, with the o-  
ther two, rose to leave the room.

"Good night, sir," they all gruffly ex-  
claimed, as they passed me.

"Good night, Gentlemen," said I, "a wet  
walk home, I fear."

"Oh! we have not far to go, replied one.  
Where's my dog?—Bess have you seen my  
dog?" he continued as he shut the door up-  
on me, and addressed himself to the per-  
sonage at the bar. I heard no more—  
I filled my pipe, and having desired the boy  
to replenish my glass, I turned my chair  
round, and seated myself in front of the  
fire.

"Dog?"—far to go!—"window!"—I pon-  
dered in my mind. Ominous words!—oh,  
I'm marked!—I'm a victim—going to be  
murdered—murdered in cold blood!—pleas-  
ant reflection. I sipped my brandy and  
water. What's to be done thought I—I've  
no firearms about me; never carried any—I  
I've no doubt but one of them has already  
gone off with my horse and gig!—oh! what  
a miserable dog I am.

"I was about to rise in order to see if my  
predictions were in truth realized, when a  
gentle voice suddenly arrested my atten-  
tion.

"Would you like to have a pan of coals  
ran through your bed, if you please, sir?"

"Oh!—I turned round, gentlemen. As  
pretty a little fellow as ever you would wish  
to set eyes on stood before me. Rich tresses  
of the deepest jet flowed gracefully about  
her neck—eyes dark—face beautifully  
fair—figure splendid. I'm no poet but,  
positively, her *tout ensemble* beggared all  
description. This was the glance of a mo-  
ment.

"Somehow or other, I have a great hor-  
ror of a pan of coals; I don't know why,  
but so it is—and I modestly replied,  
"Thank you, my dear, you are very kind,  
but when travelling, I never accustom my-  
self to it, and therefore, my dear—"

She had gotten her answer, and was  
leaving the room. To lose the society of  
so charming a creature in such a dull place,  
and so soon, too, was more than my weak  
nerves, from the state they were in, could  
support. I looked at my watch—stammer-  
ed out, "my dear!"—she returned.

"My name is Betsey, if you please, sir,  
she blushing replied, which made her look  
ten times more beautiful.

"Well, then Betsey, my dear, you are a  
very pretty girl.

Gentlemen, you will recollect I had taken  
two glasses of strong brandy and water.

"Did you please to want any thing, sir?"

"Yes, my dear—I want a kiss from those  
sweet coral lips of yours."

"Do you!" exclaimed a stentorian voice,  
as the door opened, and in walked a tall,  
powerful looking fellow, whom I had not the  
pleasure of seeing before. "What are you  
doing here, Bess—can't Lukin answer the  
bell? Come, tudge off, and go to bed—"

As for you, sir, he continued, turning to  
me, and looking as fierce as a tiger, "if you  
don't know how to behave in a body's house  
on the road side, you'll find, perhaps, one  
who will teach you, and that in a very short  
time."

"I could almost fancy I saw the blade of  
a dagger glittering before me; the ill-omened  
words rushed to my recollection; now  
I feel assured added to the—That in a very  
short time."

"The appearance of the men, their coarse  
manners, the loneliness of the house—nay,  
all things tended to confirm my suspicions.  
The poor girl, too, some deluded victim, no  
doubt brought from London. Romances,  
legends of old, in which I had read in my  
boyhood, of braves capturing princesses,  
and obliging helpless beauty to serve them  
as their cup bearer, and in some instances  
to become their wife, in a moment rushed to  
my imagination. I shuddered at the thought.  
Could such a creature as Betsey be the wife  
of such a wretch? There was a modesty,  
a purity in her manners, which plainly con-  
vinced me she was not his sister, and, by  
her features, no relation.

"Brought back, as it were, to a sense of  
honor, from the stern manner in which I  
had been addressed, I blamed myself for the  
inconsiderate manner I had acted towards  
her, and I now thought, if I had pursued a  
different course when she first entered the  
room, I might have learned her whole his-  
tory, perhaps saved her from a life of mis-  
ery and shame, and myself from being mur-  
dered. It was now eleven o'clock—the door  
opened, and Lukin entered.

"Your light sir, meaning my bed candle—  
What time would your honor like to be  
called in the morning. Being such a quiet  
place, gentlemen who stop here, generally  
sleep very long." I thought I could distin-  
guish a smile of triumph on the fellow's  
lip.

"Indeed!" I replied.

"I was leaving the room, but before he  
reached the door, suddenly turned round—  
"Oh! beg pardon, sir," he said, "but mas-  
ter—that is how, master's son—the old  
gentleman's up stairs, laid up with the  
gout."

"Oh, the person whom I saw just now was  
your master's son, eh?"

"Yes, sir, master Gregory. He desired  
to say he hoped as how you would not be  
very much offended with what he said just  
now; he's had one or two friends here to-  
day, sir, and they have had a little brandy

together. The latter part of the sentence  
was said in a half whisper, as an excuse for  
his master's abrupt address to me.

"Well," I replied.

"He begged to say, sir, that if you had no  
objection, the old gentleman would take a  
bit of a lift with you in the morning."

"O not in the least," I quickly replied—  
My spirits began to revive. After all, they  
might be honest.

"How far will he go?" I inquired.

"As far as the church yard, sir." A sud-  
den chill came over me.

"He's going to try the change for the ben-  
efit of his health; his brother Nicholas—Old  
Nick, as I call him, will be main glad to see  
him, I know; besides it's warmer for the old  
gentleman a little way below there, and  
young master thinks as how he'll be better  
able to keep up his spirits there, than up  
here in this dull place, and as you are going  
that way in the morning, he said he  
thought he'd make bold to ask you."

"I was standing with my back to the fire,  
holding the candlestick in my hand, as the  
fellow finished his tale, and glided out of the  
room. The rascal's been roasting me," at  
length I exclaimed. "He's also an accom-  
plish. Alas! I sighed as I left the room, 'no  
home! no escape!'"

The lovely form of Betsey crossed me as  
I passed the bar. I would have apologized  
for my rude conduct, but that I saw the stern  
eye of Gregory fixed upon me. As it was,  
I simply and civilly wished her good night.

"Oh! the tone of her voice—her manner—  
the look she gave me, struck to my very  
heartstrings. I shall never forget it. 'This  
way, if you please, sir,' said a voice. It  
was Gregory's, and he led me to an inner  
room, separated from the bar only by a par-  
tition. Now, thought I, as I threw myself  
into a chair, what's to be done? I had not  
an impliment of defence about me, nor was  
there even so much as a poker in the room.  
Suddenly the words 'Through the window!'  
flashed across my mind. I examined it;  
it was a fastening of any kind about it; and  
not to the misfortune, it was a casement  
window reaching down to the ground—no  
shutters, and in one or two instances, pa-  
per substituted for glass.

By the side of the window, in a sort of  
recess, was a door which led—Heaven  
knows where; but it struck me it could but  
contrive to force it open, it might eventual-  
ly lead me into the stable, where with a ve-  
ry little difficulty I could—But no; it  
resisted my efforts, and was compelled to  
leave my task unfinished. I took off my  
coat, laid it upon a chair, and looked under  
the bed. All was safe there. I was just  
about to undo my straps, when suddenly I  
heard a low moaning, like the groans of a  
person struggling to shake off the weight  
which oppressed him. The noise evident-  
ly proceeded from the bed. Gracious God  
—I saw the bed clothes move. It's all over  
with me, thought I; and there I stood, in the  
attitude of a statue, my straps, expecting  
every moment to see the door open and the  
bed gradually descend. A growl—a  
shake—the very bed clothes were moved,  
or were dragged off the bed. My head  
whizzed round like a teetotum; my eyes  
grew dim, and I was about to call out mur-  
der, when out jumped—Oh! God!

"A man!" exclaimed the company.

"A dog!" reiterated the speaker, "A d—d  
large Newfoundland dog."

The company gave a hearty laugh.

Fresh glasses were called for and in a  
few minutes the gentleman resumed his  
story.

"I was not long, you may be sure, gentle-  
men, in opening the door and letting the  
beast out. It was the animal before men-  
tioned, and which as I afterwards learned,  
was very fond of taking a nap in that par-  
ticular room, and that particular bed. It  
had very ingeniously crept under the coun-  
terpane, which prevented my perceiving it  
when I first entered the room. The com-  
pany smiled.

"I hoped, indeed, to enjoy a little rest—  
All my fears seemed satisfied. Once more,  
however, I took a survey round the room,  
and then consigning myself to the care of  
Providence, threw myself fearlessly on the  
bed.

"I had reposed in the soft embraces of  
Somnus about two hours—it might have  
been less—when I was suddenly awake by  
the noise of a scratching at the door by the  
side of the window. I looked—could see  
nothing. The clouds were driven rapidly  
through the sky, and the pale moon, break-  
ing at intervals from behind them, threw  
a fitful and uncertain light upon the spot—  
As it gleamed upon the old fashioned walls,  
my fevered mind could almost discern the  
figures which were marked upon the paper,  
dancing before me, sometimes throwing up  
their hands as if in triumph at my capture,  
and at others beckoning me by gestures and  
grimaces to follow them. Again I heard  
the noise; it now proceeded from the win-  
dow! I fell back, and lay for some time in  
breathless suspense. How, gentlemen,  
how shall I describe to you my astonish-  
ment, my agony, when on again opening  
my eyes, I beheld the figure of a man stand-  
ing before the window! By his dress, and  
the light of the moon, which shone directly  
upon him, I easily recognized him to be one  
of the three before spoken of. He was  
beckoning to the others. The window pres-  
ently opened! In about a minute, the o-  
ther two men appeared, carrying what  
seemed to me the body of a man. Oh,  
thought I, how easily now I can account for  
the use of the door. It is into the cell they  
convey the bodies of the murdered victims!  
Alas! how soon might I be one of their num-  
ber! and I felt as if I could freely and with-  
out murmur have given up every farthing  
about me, if gain was their purpose; so that  
they would spare my life. My heart at  
last came up into my mouth; there was a  
chooking in my throat; I could scarcely

breathe. They entered the room. The  
first furnished with a dark lantern, and led  
the way to the door.

"Hush! softly! This way my boys; the  
chap's sure to be asleep by this time."

He took from his pocket a key, unlocked  
the door, and then all three entered the  
place. 'Now,' thought I, 'now is the time!—  
and I was about to spring out of the bed  
and lock the door upon them, when I per-  
ceived by the light of their lantern they  
had deposited their burden, and were re-  
turning. 'Lord have mercy upon me!' I in-  
wardly prayed. They approached my bed;  
my eyes involuntarily closed; I saw no  
more. I heard no more. I was gone—  
fast—dead as a door nail! How long I had  
remained in this happy trance, I know not;  
but when I again opened my eyes, how  
changed was the scene!

It was a beautiful morning; the sun  
was riding high and gliding with his  
brightest beams the prospect around. I  
was soon dressed and in the parlour. Break-  
fast was soon brought in by Lukin, who, with  
one of his usual grins, said 'Master Gregory  
would be happy to speak with your honor,  
if as how your honor could spare him a  
moment.' I told him I was perfectly at lei-  
sure, and in a few moments the said Gregory  
appeared, having profoundly as he en-  
tered.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said, after satisfy-  
ing himself no one besides ourselves was in  
the room. "I beg pardon, but I hope you  
were not much disturbed last night."

"Why, not very," I replied, endeavoring  
to make the best of the matter, now that I  
had got safe through the night with my life,  
and even without the loss of a shilling. (And  
yet, I added, there was something rather  
strange—)

"True, sir," interrupted Gregory, "we are  
honest enough with our travellers and cus-  
tomers, and try to serve them well, and I  
hope, sir, the brandy and water you tasted  
last night was to your liking." I replied in  
the affirmative.

Well, sir, he continued, that's the way  
we live; we do a little in the smuggling  
way, and if any one's robbed—it's only the  
king."

I expostulated with him in his want of  
judgment, not having informed me ere I  
went to bed; for had I been provided with  
fire-arms, I should certainly have been in-  
clined to have popped at one of them.

"You see, sir," he replied, "it happened  
very unfortunately for me, for Black Sam  
and his two mates had got a long keg of  
whiskey, of the first sort, on shore yester-  
day, and had agreed with me in the after-  
noon about the price; and you know, sir, it  
is necessary for the safety of all parties,  
that such an article should be of their hands  
as soon as possible, and if I didn't yield pre-  
tily quickly to their fancies, they would soon  
find a ready customer for their goods, and  
ten to one if they'd ever bring me another  
keg of whiskey or brandy. Now, you see,  
sir, that little cellar in your room is the only  
place in my house, where I can stow away  
thing of the kind away—for I don't let my  
boy Lukin know of our little trade, for it's  
dangerous, as the old saying is, 'to let too  
many cooks make the broth.' I tried to per-  
suade them to leave it somewhere till you  
were gone; but no, they were obliged to be  
off to another place to-day. However, sir,  
I hope you will forget the circumstance,  
and pardon my boldness." Saying which,  
he made a low bow and withdrew.

Gentlemen, I could have brought forward  
arguments against the impropriety of the  
affair—but I was so satisfied with finding  
myself in proper person again, that I freely  
forgive them all, and there was a frank-  
ness of manner about the fellow, which  
pleased me greatly. He was certainly not  
the wretch I first thought him. One only  
thought threw a momentary damp upon my  
joy. Where was Betsey? Her lovely im-  
age was still wandering in my mind. I had  
not seen her, and from motives of prudence,  
did not dare ask for her.

"Chaise is ready, sir," exclaimed a still  
little voice, and Lukin entered the apart-  
ment, bowing and scraping.

"Every thing's ready, your honor—the  
wheels were main dirty—but I've made 'em  
look as bright as a looking-glass, and the  
harness too, your honor."

I took the hint, and threw him a shilling  
for himself, with which he appeared delig-  
ted.

"The old gentleman is not so well this  
morning your honor," he continued, as he  
was leaving the room, and master Gregory  
thinks as how he'd better not attempt his  
journey. Mainly obliged at the same time  
your honor."

This last speech brought to my recolle-  
ction the last night's roasting; and I was glad  
to see the back of him.

"Here's a small keg of brandy, sir," said  
the landlord in a half whisper, as I was step-  
ping into my chaise, which the men left,  
with their compliments, for you, sir, as a  
small recompense for last night's business.  
They warranted it good. I think it will  
go under the seat of your chaise—and if  
you should, sir, at any time want a gallon  
or so for a friend or two, I hope you will  
not forget 'The hole in the wall!'"

I thanked him—told him such a remun-  
eration was quite unnecessary—promised the  
strictest secrecy—and drove off.

EROTICISM.—A little work has just been  
published in Glasgow, entitled the "Science  
of Etiquette," which furnishes a summary  
of the laws of good breeding, condensed in-  
to a small compass. The following are a  
few of the maxims:

"True politeness consists in appearing  
easy and natural, not forced and affected.

"If, upon the entrance of a visitor, you  
continue a subject begun before, you should  
always explain the subject of the new  
comer.

"Do not allow your love for one wo-  
man to prevent your paying attention to oth-  
ers. The object of your love is the only  
one who ought to perceive it.

"Avoid all proverbs and cant phrases in  
conversation.

"If you meet a lady of your acquaintance  
in the street, it is her part to notice you  
first, unless, indeed, you are very intimate.  
The reason is, if you bow to a lady first, she  
may not choose to acknowledge you, as a  
gentleman cannot cut her.

"Never nod to a lady in the street, nei-  
ther be satisfied with touching your hat,  
but take it off: it is a courtesy not sex de-  
mands.

"Do not insist on pulling off your glove  
on any very hot day when you shake hands  
with a lady.—If it be off, why, all very well;  
but it is better to run the risk of being con-  
sidered ungloved, than to present a *clawing*  
ungloved hand.

"If you meet a friend in the street, in a  
coffee-house, shop, or indeed any public  
place, never address him by name, at least  
not as readily as that others may hear it.  
Sensible people do not like to be shown up  
to strangers as 'Mr. Jones' or 'Mr. Smith,'  
and so attract disagreeable notice. Accord-  
your friend quietly, and do not roar out,  
"Ah! Mr. Smith! how do you do Mr. Smith!"  
It is very offensive, and shows a great  
want of proper delicacy."

A SISTER.—He who has never known a  
sister's kind ministrations, nor felt his heart  
warming beneath her endearing smile and  
love-beaming eye, has been unfortunate in-  
deed. It is not to be wondered if the foun-  
tions of pure feeling flow in his bosom but  
sluggishly, or if the gentler emotions of his  
nature be lost in the sterner attributes  
of manhood.

"That man has grown up among kind and  
affectionate sisters." I once heard a lady  
of much observation and experience re-  
mark.

"And why do you think so?" said I.

"Because of the rich development of all  
the tenderer and more refined feelings of  
the heart, which are so apparent in every  
action, in every word."

A sister's influence is felt, even in man-  
hood, and later years; and the heart of him  
who has grown old in its chiding, comfort,  
and love, will warm and thrill with  
pure enjoyment, as some incident awakens  
within him the soft tones and glad melodies  
of his sister's voice. And he will turn from  
purposes which a warped and false philo-  
sophy has reasoned into expediency, and  
even weep for the gentler influences which  
moved him in his earlier years.

From the New Haven Herald.

### ANNUAL METEORIC SHOWER.

Facts already ascertained, leave no doubt  
of the recurrence of the "Meteoric Shower"  
on the morning of the 13th of November.

The preceding day had been rainy, and  
early the same night the sky was overcast;  
but before midnight the firmament became  
cloudless, and the stars shone with unwon-  
dered brilliancy.

About half past three o'clock, observing  
that the meteors began to appear in unusual  
numbers, I directed my attention towards  
the Eastern part of the heavens, whence  
they mostly proceeded, and closely watched  
the stars from the Great Bear on the north  
to Canis Major on the south, embracing in  
my field of view about one third of the firm-  
ament.

It was soon discovered, that nearly all the  
meteors shot in directions which, on being  
traced back, met in or about the same point,  
near the Lion's Eye. For a quarter of an  
hour, from half past three o'clock, I counted  
twenty-two meteors, of which all but three  
emanated from the above radiant point in  
Leo. Ten left luminous trains twelve  
were without trains; and the three that did  
not conform to the general direction, moved  
perceptibly slower than the others. The  
next 15 minutes afforded but seven meteors,  
and the number gradually declined until  
day-light.

The exact position of the radiant was  
near a small star, forming the apex of a  
triangle with the two bright stars in the face  
of Leo. Its right ascension was 145 degs.  
and declination 25 degs. Its place was  
therefore very nearly the same as in 1834;  
differing only half a degree in right ascen-  
sion, and all the phenomena very much re-  
sembled those observed that year, except  
that they continued a shorter period.

Although the shooting stars occur at var-  
ious seasons of the year, yet these meteoric  
showers, whether they occur on a large  
or a smaller scale, are marked by several  
striking peculiarities:—1. The meteors are  
much more frequent than usual, and some-  
times are exceedingly numerous. 2. A  
larger proportion than common, leave lu-  
minous trains. 3. They mostly seem to  
radiate from a common centre, and for sev-  
eral years past the radiant has been in  
nearly the same part of the heavens, name-  
ly, in the Constellation Leo. It is also ex-  
ceedingly remarkable that the shower is not  
only repeated on the same day of the year,  
but arrives at its maximum every where,  
and at every recurrence, at nearly the same  
hour of the morning—from 3 to 4 o'clock.

By a letter, obligingly communicated to  
the writer of this article from Samuel Dun-  
ster, Esq. agent of the Franklin Iron Works  
at Sprungville, Maine, it appears that the  
display was considerably more splendid at  
that place than here. The whole number  
of meteors counted from 3 o'clock to 13 mi-  
nutes past six, was 253. An auroral arch  
which appeared in the north between the  
hours of 4 and 5, followed by auroral stream-  
ers, enhanced the interest of the meteoric  
exhibition. As was observed here, the me-  
teors emanated from a common radiant sit-  
uated in the Constellation Leo.

This notice has been delayed in the hope

of being able to add some particulars re-  
specting the succeeding night; but this has  
been proved unfavorable for observation,  
with the exception of the night of the 15th,  
when the heavens were attentively observ-  
ed from half past 2 to half past 4 o'clock—  
Only six meteors were noticed, of which  
two only left trains. These proceeded  
from a common point near the western  
hinder paw of the Great Bear—a position at  
least 15 degs. north of the radiant observed  
on the 13th.

Yale College, Nov. 16.

### CURIOUS FACT.—

A lady who resides at  
Monkwearmouth, had, when a child, about  
4 years old, two small pebbles put into her  
ears by an older sister in play, which, being  
pressed too far, penetrated the cavity of the  
ear, and could not be extracted. The cir-  
cumstance was attended with slight pain  
and swelling of the glands, and one of the  
stones, about seven years afterwards, was  
voiced through the same aperture. Within  
the last few days the lady experienced a  
slight pain in the ear, accompanied with a  
swelling in the glands, and difficulty in  
swallowing; and to her astonishment, the  
other stone appeared in the cavity of the  
ear, and was with ease extracted, after hav-  
ing remained in the head upwards of 44  
years.—English paper.

BAD IS THE BEST.—Mr. Horace Smith,  
while lecturing the other night at the Sus-  
sex Institution, Brighton, took occasion to  
point out the necessity of being content with  
one's lot, illustrating the remark with the  
following bon mot: "A friend of mine,"  
he said, "a remarkably cool and philosophic  
person, was lately travelling to London, at  
a moment when he was laboring under a  
very severe cough, which not only was ex-  
tremely distressing to himself, but also  
proved a source of great annoyance to his  
fellow passengers, till, at last, an old gen-  
tleman enquired in the corner, observed  
with much displeasure, 'Sir, that's a very  
bad cough you've got.' 'True, sir,' replied  
the other, 'but it's the best I've got.'"

The Eastern Times.—In the course of  
last year there appeared in Bremen 7,700  
books in French, German, English, Span-  
ish, Italian, Portuguese, Greek, and Latin.  
The number of copperplates and lithographs  
amounted to 1,040, and that of the musical  
publications to 250. In the royal printing  
office at Paris, there are types of 50  
original dialects